

WEE BOY TELLS ON HIS FATHER IN DIVORCE SUIT

Child Describes Visit to Dr. Mackenzie's Room and Finding Co-respondent There.

SHOWS UNCANNY WIT.

Little Fellow Is Stunted in Growth but Knows What an Oath Is.

The spectacle of a wee eleven-year-old boy, stunted in growth, but almost uncanny in wit, was presented on the witness stand in the Supreme Court today in the trial of the counter-divorce suits brought by Dr. James A. Mackenzie and his wife, Carrie. The boy was called by his mother to give evidence against his father and Mrs. Nussbaum, the co-respondent named by the wife.

"Do you know what an oath is?" asked the Justice.

"Yes, I do," said the boy. "And I know if I don't tell the truth I'll be punished."

"Do you know what a monosyllable is?" asked the Court.

"Oh, yes," said the boy; "it's a word with one syllable."

Testifies for Mother.

The boy was then sworn. He looked out over the crowded court-room with flashing eyes. His white-lipped mouth was firmly set, and when he began to speak he gave evidence of a dogged spirit more becoming in a grown-up.

He told how Mrs. Nussbaum came to the house. She occupied the front room and his father the back room. There was a passage between the rooms.

"Do you remember one day coming home from school and finding your father and Mrs. Nussbaum together?" asked his mother's lawyer.

"Yes, sir," snapped the boy. "Then tell the Court about it."

"One day about 3 o'clock I came home from school and tried to get into my father's room," said the boy. "The door was locked. I knocked, but no one came. Five minutes later I knocked again and papa opened the door. He said: 'What the hell do you want?' I told him I wanted to wash my hands."

"He had his shoes off and his suspenders were hanging down," the boy said.

Says Woman Was There.

"Who else was in the room?" "Mrs. Nussbaum."

The lawyers for the father and the co-respondent tried to confuse the boy by his partial every turn.

The boy said he went downstairs and told the maid, Annie Joyce, about the incident. Later he told his mother. He was true to his mother's side in every instance and did his utmost to bolster her case.

When the boy was describing the rooms and the distance from one to the other, his father tried to lead him if he knew how many rooms were in a yard, and how many feet in a yard.

"With an expression of contempt he snapped out the correct answers."

"Do you like your father?" asked the lawyer.

"No, much now," said the boy, after hesitating.

He made one false start, rubbing out the first letter. No, he did not like the father.

The boy was asked about a certain Ross Vance. He identified an affidavit which he had filed there in connection with a robbery in the house, and after that Ross Vance came to the house because a man was needed there.

Feared Kidnappers.

"Ross Vance came because there were kidnappers and burglars in the neighborhood," said the boy.

Being back to the time Mrs. Nussbaum arrived at the house in a carriage from her husband's funeral, as called by Mrs. Mackenzie, the boy told of happenings the week following. He slept with his father, he said, and at night when he called for a glass of water his father would come from Mrs. Nussbaum's room to get it for him.

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN CHARGED WITH THEFT.

Charles H. Lahm, a member of Company K, of the Seventy-first Regiment, and who was with his regiment at the battle of San Juan Hill, was arraigned before Magistrate Cornell in the Yorkville Court today charged with stealing a fur coat belonging to Lieut. Crosby, one of the officers of his company. The coat was valued at \$100 by Dr. Julian P. Westerman, of No. 6 East Thirty-second street, who made the charge.

Dr. Westerman is also a lieutenant of Company K and custodian of the company's lockers. Upon evidence he furnished Lieut. Boyle, young Lahm was arrested. He admitted his guilt and said poverty had induced him to steal. He lives at No. 29 East Eighteenth street and until several months ago was employed as a salesman. He has been to poor lately that he had no money to buy food. He was held in \$1,000 bail for trial.

Mashers Better Fight Shy of This 17-Inch Midget; She's a Man-Hater, She Says, and Wants No Beaux

"But Don't Forget to Say I'm Pretty," Says Princess Wee Wee, Who Seeks and Has Admiration of Thousands.

SMALLEST OF WOMEN HAS AIRS OF A QUEEN.

Has Not Increased in Size Since Her Birth—Only Small Member of Family—Goes to Church, Especially as It Is Lent.

By Rose C. Tillotson.

I met a Lilliputian lady, seventeen inches tall, to-day.

No, she wasn't a new-born infant, but a grown-up young person, quite my equal in age, and dignity, too. I am afraid I must confess, for I was forced to get down on my knees to conduct the interview. But Princess Wee-Wee, who had been six foot one instead of one foot five, could not have carried herself more majestically, for when I called upon her at the Madison Square Garden, where she is the pet of the sawdust circle, she greeted me with all the airs of a queen who haughtily receives at court.

Princess Wee-Wee is the very tiniest lady in the land, and makes Mrs. Tom Thumb and other midget matrons look like good-sized mortals, for Mrs. Tom could boast of a height of two feet. The Princess does not come of diminutive stock, for her parents, brothers and sisters, who hail from Pennsylvania, are of goodly size. Princess Wee is the only one of her family who forget how to grow, and she, by some remarkable freak of nature, has not changed in size since she first came into the world. Though small in stature the Princess walks and talks as well as many a girl of twenty, and has developed the feminine passion for clothes to a truly startling degree.

Wore a Primrose Frock.

When I found her in her box at the dress applauding with great vigor the feats of her co-stars, she was attired in a primrose frock of pale blue satin embroidered in silver and gold.

On the tiny fingers were rings, bracelets on the arms, and a necklace of imitation pearls hung half way down to the knees.

The tiny Princess's black hair, brushed in a mode with gold combs for ornamentation, framed her snubbed little face, and hung in stray curls around her large brown eyes.

Is Truly Feminine.

"How do you do?" she said in a clear tone, extending in greeting a diminutive hand, which I shook with my little finger, while mentally fishing around for a topic which would interest the little lady. Princess Wee-Wee, however, came to my rescue by asking the eternal question of womankind—the question of feminine finery.

"What did you pay for that hat, I want to buy one, too," she demanded after inspecting me from top to toe.

"Does Worth or Mme. Osborn dress you?" I asked in return. "That's a very stunning gown you have on this afternoon." The little face broke into smiles, and Princess Wee-Wee, with a demure movement, spread out her enormous train.

Like a Baby Peacock.

"Yes, I think it's very pretty," she admitted, strutting back and forth like a baby peacock. "But I have a red one which makes me look more beautiful. I always wear that one when I go to church."

"Oh, church!" I repeated. "Do you go to church?"

"Certainly!" quickly answered the Princess. "For this is Lent. I go to the Baptist Church when I am not exhibiting myself here. You'll find if you watch the crowds who come to pay me court that I'm a great favorite with the children. They think I am a baby because I am so little and crowd around me to talk with me. But as I sit on my throne in the show-room I can also understand the remarks of the grown people, even though they don't realize it, and they also admire me a great deal."

"I suppose you have many masculine admirers?" I ventured to remark, glancing at the plain gold band encircling the third finger of the little's left hand.

Doesn't Like Men.

"I don't like men," answered this astonishing young lady. "I am a man-hater, and I don't want any beaux. I prefer to have admiration from thousands than from one, and here is the place to get it. But you must say I'm pretty when you write about me in the paper, for I am told I am very beautiful."

Princess Wee-Wee, in the arms of her maid, was carried away to her apartment, for the lady Lilliputian is fed every three hours on the delicacies of the land. She had a cracker elephant in one hand and a half-eaten graffe in the other as I left her, and she called out once more: "Please be sure to say I'm pretty."

FRANCE WILL HAVE AUTOMATIC DIVORCE.

PARIS, March 25.—The Senate, by an overwhelming majority, has concurred in the bill already passed by the Deputies to automatically convert a decree of separation into a divorce at the end of three years when either party to the separation requests it.

A SONG FROM "THE BLUE MOON." Every body remembers James T. Powers and "The Blue Moon," with its long run on Broadway. Next Sunday's World will contain the words and music of "The Blue Moon," a song from the production. The song was written by Herbert J. Hargrave, author of "The Married Man," etc. Music by permission of Shapiro, Publishers.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Morning Wonders.



JANITOR TRIES TO EVICT TENANT BY SHOOTING AT HIM

Wounded Man's Wife Blames Tenement Autocrat, Who Vanishes.

Lieut. Walsh, in charge at the East One Hundred and Sixth street police station, had a hurry call from Headquarters early to-day.

"Send all the available men you have," came over the wire, "to No. 35 West One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. There's been a murder there and the neighborhood is in a hubbub."

So the lieutenant hurried Detectives McGowan and McManus and five uniformed men to the address, which was a tenement. They fought their way through crowds of excited tenants on the sidewalk and in the halls, and found that the scene of the trouble was in the flat of Morris Mankowitz. In it were Morris, who is a plumber, with a wound in his head and his wife, Rosie, and their boarder, Charles Goldberg.

"It was that Irving Goldberg who shot him," wailed Mrs. Mankowitz. "But," she added, "he is not of a relationship to Charles."

"No, not a bit of relationship," assured the sympathetic Charles, the boarder.

According to Mrs. Mankowitz, early to-day Irving Goldberg, the janitor, came to their flat and asked Morris Mankowitz if he would move to-day.

"No, we will not," Morris answered, and then, his wife says, Goldberg drew a "Russian pistol" and, shouting "Well, I will move you," shot him in the head.

Dr. Moeckel was called, and found that the bullet had only grazed Mankowitz's head. The police were told by Irving Goldberg's wife that he was in the collar, attending to the furnace, but after a round of all the furnaces in eight tenements they were unable to find him.

LACKS WIFE'S LOVE, WANTS TO SHARE HER \$400,000.

CINCINNATI, March 25.—Ernest Drewitz, formerly a preacher, several years ago made an agreement with his wife, Mrs. Gusie Ogden Drewitz, widow of Frank Ogden, to release all claim on her estate in exchange for her love and affection. Yesterday he sued to have this contract set aside, charging that his wife failed to deliver the love and affection. Mrs. Drewitz is worth \$400,000 in real estate.

Their married life was not a happy one, and Mrs. Drewitz sued for divorce, and the husband became hysterical at her home or received in audience by King Victor Emmanuel upon the latter's return from Venice.

MORGAN TO BE RECEIVED BY THE KING OF ITALY.

ROME, March 25.—J. Pierpont Morgan, who is at present in Rome, was entertained at dinner last night by Lloyd C. Griscom, the American Ambassador. Among those present were the Right Rev. C. H. Brent, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines; W. B. Cutting, of New York; Carlos Duran and Mr. Griscom's mother and sister. Mr. Morgan was received in audience by King Victor Emmanuel upon the latter's return from Venice.

There's cheer in a cup of piping hot Postum served with good cream, and no headache in the combination.

Clean, hard wheat, including the bran-coat with its natural phosphate of potash for rebuilding brain and nerve cells—is used in making Postum, and no coffee or other harmful substance enters into its manufacture.

LARRY DELMOUR WAS INSANE, HIS RELATIVES SAY

They Begin Contest of Will Leaving Estate to His Young Widow.

Alleging his brother, "Whispering Larry" Delmour, was not "of sound mind and disposing memory," Peter Delmour to-day filed a protest in the Surrogate's Court against the probate of the former Tammany leader's will, which disposes of an estate estimated to be worth \$500,000.

Lawrence Delmour died Christmas Day. It is claimed that for months before his death he was of unsound mind, and was unduly influenced by his wife Jean. Hugh Delmour, of this city, a nephew, has joined Peter Delmour in demanding that the will of September, 1905, bequeathing practically the entire fortune to the wife, be set aside. Their lawyer is John F. McIntyre.

It is also charged that the will was not "Larry" Delmour's last, and that it was not signed in a lawful manner. A short time before his death Delmour married Miss Jean Walsh, an attractive young woman, who had nursed him through a serious illness.

By Mr. Delmour's will, which was executed on Sept. 5, 1905, he left his wife the bulk of his estate. Leopold A. Gieseler, who was in his employ, got \$500; the testator's namesake, Lawrence Delmour Smith, \$200; Lawrence Griffin, another namesake, \$100; and Mrs. Nellie Delmour Martin, a daughter of a deceased brother, John, and sister to Hugh Delmour, who is contesting the will, \$250. The Sisters of Bon Secours were given \$50, and all the residue went to Mrs. Delmour, conditionally on her supporting her sister-in-law, Marie Delmour, and burying her in Calvary Cemetery.

Mr. Delmour did not mention his brother Peter or his nephew in his will. The young widow became hysterical at her home on No. 16 East Eighty-ninth street, when told of some of the charges. "They are all lies," she declared. "Oh, I do not think any one would stoop so low as to attack the name of such a good man."

She will be represented by Attorney David McClure.

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"There's a Reason."

Depredator Who Left Impress on Silver Spoon Traced by Detectives.

The first instance of an important identification by means of the thumb-print feature of the Bertillon system came up in the case of Harry Young, charged with burglary, before Magistrate Barlow in the Centre Street Court to-day.

The residence of Dr. Henry W. Pritchett, No. 22 East Ninety-fifth street, was robbed Feb. 24, and the burglar got away with \$500 worth of silverware. In leaving, however, he dropped in the dining-room a large silver soup ladle on the highly polished surface of which was a thumb-print, plainly impressed.

Lieut. Farot, who is in charge of the thumb-print department at Police Headquarters, came with his camera, and the impression on the ladle was photographed and fled away.

Harry Young, who is an ex-convict, was arrested Sunday night by Detectives O'Donnell and McIvor at Ninetieth street and Madison avenue because when he saw the ladle he tried to stage a scene. When they searched him they found ground for their suspicions in his pockets, which contained a jimmy, a stick of dynamite and a bunch of skeleton keys.

Young's thumb-print was secured at Headquarters, and Lieut. Farot, in consulting it with his collection, found that its duplicate was the impression which had been left on Dr. Pritchett's soup ladle.

This was brought out in court to-day before Magistrate Barlow, who was so impressed by the system that he held Young in \$200 bail on the charge of burglary of Dr. Pritchett's house and in \$200 bail for having burglar's tools in his possession.

THUMB-PRINT HOLDS SUSPECT FOR BURGLARY

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MAY LET PUBLIC KNOW DIVORCE CASE SECRETS

Mrs. Edna D. Tillotson Employs New Lawyer to Re-open Suit She Lost.

Mrs. Edna D. Tillotson, wife of Norton D. Tillotson, today obtained an order from Justice O'Gorman in the Supreme Court which may eventually give the public a peep at the sensational evidence which was taken before a referee and in which Capt. Charles Bell Barker, millionaire yachtsman and clubman, was named as co-respondent.

The referee found against Mrs. Tillotson, and she now desires to appeal. Justice O'Gorman issued an order permitting her new attorney to examine the sealed papers.

Tillotson's mother was Miss Helen Beach, sister of John H. Beach, who bought the old Cornelius Vanderbilt mansion at Madison avenue and Fifty-seventh street. His father is W. K. Tillotson, a retired millionaire, of No. 128 West Seventy-ninth street.

Was Dramatic Critic.

The defendant in the present action was a dramatic critic in Chicago before she married. She had two children, twins—Abbey and Lucy—twelve years old. They were in Miss Ely's school on Riverside Drive, under a decree of the Supreme Court, but it is now alleged that they were removed to parts unknown without Mrs. Tillotson's consent.

Capt. Barker lent a sensational chapter to the Tillotson case. He swore that his relations with Mrs. Tillotson had always been proper. Previous to that he gained fame through the suit brought against him by Adelaide Stringer, the mother of his child. He tried to get the Legislature to legitimize the child, but the bill was vetoed by Gov. Higgins, who said it was an insult to American womanhood.

Barker joined with Mrs. Tillotson in fighting the suit brought by Tillotson. But Mrs. Tillotson now alleges that the counsel she employed failed to properly protect her interests, and instead of forcing an open trial allowed it to be referred.

Miss Stringer a Witness.

Miss Stringer was a witness against Mrs. Tillotson. She told of incidents which she said took place in Central Valley, all of which the defendant denied.

Mrs. Tillotson told of a sensational incident in the Hotel Cumberland, in which "Kid" McCoy, the prize fighter, figured. She said her husband struck her and knocked her against a radiator. "My screams attracted 'Kid' McCoy, who ran in and held my husband until the clerk came and put him out," said Mrs. Tillotson.

Mrs. Tillotson's lawyer to-day produced a letter written by the children to their mother on the day they were taken from Mrs. Ely's school, Oct. 22, 1907. One read:

"Dear, Dear Mamma: 'Good-by, I have nothing but love for you. I am going to live with my mother. There is no death. You are only passing to the next place of consoling mothers.'"

"Good-by. From your ever loving daughter, 'Lucy.'"

The other letter read: "Darling Darling Mother: 'I will try my best to do as you say. I will always think of you, as I always do, as the best mother in the world.'"

"With heaps and heaps of loving thoughts and love from your loving daughter, ABBEY."

BELL ESTATE DESERTED.

NEWPORT, March 25.—The big estate here of the late Dr. Christopher Bell, of New York, adjoining Rye, N. Y., formerly the Frederick Vanderbilt place, became absolutely deserted yesterday. David McIntosh, the Bell's attorney, said that the doctor's widow there. The place is for sale, but the doctor's child, Dennison M. Bell, will never return to Newport.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

Pursuant to an order of the Supreme Court, providing for the termination of the Temporary Receivership, and with the approval and consent of the Superintendent of Banks, the Knickerbocker Trust Company will reopen its main office and all its branches on Thursday, March 26th, 1908, at noon.

The new money paid in by the stockholders and the action taken by the depositors who assented to the plan for resumption place the Company in a strong position, with unimpaired capital, a very large surplus and an ample amount of cash to meet all claims that may be made upon it under the resumption plan. The Company therefore may fairly lay claim to the full confidence of its patrons.

Henry C. Frick, Myron T. Herrick and Lewis Cass Ledyard, Voting Trustees, have selected the following Board of Directors: